Rise.

ON WHAT WOULD BE NAMED AUTUMN ISLAND, THE REBELS HAD FELT THE GROUND SHAKE. THEY HAD WATCHED THE BULK OF THE CONTINENT STAND AND WALK AWAY.

ON WHAT REMAINED... THEY WAITED.

Rise!

THEY WAITED FOR THE VAST AND TERRIBLE ARMIES OF GENESIS TO REACH THEM.

THEY WAITED FOR THE END.

Rise, Arakko!

IN THE MORROWLANDS, JON IRONFIRE FOUGHT ALONE. NINE LEFT. EIGHT. SEVEN.

HE, TOO, FELT THE END COMING.

EVERYWHERE, THE END WAS COMING.

EVERYWHERE BUT *ARAKKO PRIME.*

Genesis commands you!

Rise--

--AND FIGHT!

FOR THE LIVING ISLAND, THE END WAS ALREADY HERE.

[fall__of]
[_____X]

FALL OF X

X-MEN RED

[fall__of]
[_____X]

RISE AND FIGHT

The nation of Arakko has been shaped by war. Literal millennia of non-stop fighting have left their society hardened, something Storm and her allies in the Great Ring had been trying to change as they steered the culture into it's first time of peace. The recently returned former ruler, Genesis, disagreed with this approach. She led Arakko through years of siege in their endless wartime, and she -- along with the Annihilation Staff that is either influencing or collaborating with her -- sought to return her people to the glory of war. She got her wish as the Arakkii Civil War erupted between her followers and Storm's allies.

However, Genesis's husband, Apocalypse, has finally returned to join the fight... and he does not stand by his wife's side. Using the mutant magic he's studied for countless centuries, Apocalypse and Storm have brought to life an all-new living island known as Kaorak. With the fate of the red planet and the mutant people who have made it their home hanging in the balance, Storm rides this new island into battle.

1___[STORM]
2___[SUNSPOT]
3___[FISHER KING]
4___[DEATH]
5___[APOCALYPSE]
6___[IRONFIRE]
7___[WHITE SWORD]
8___[GENESIS]
9___[WEAPONLESS ___ZSEN]
10__[KHORA OF THE __BURNING HEART]
11__[ORA SERRATA]

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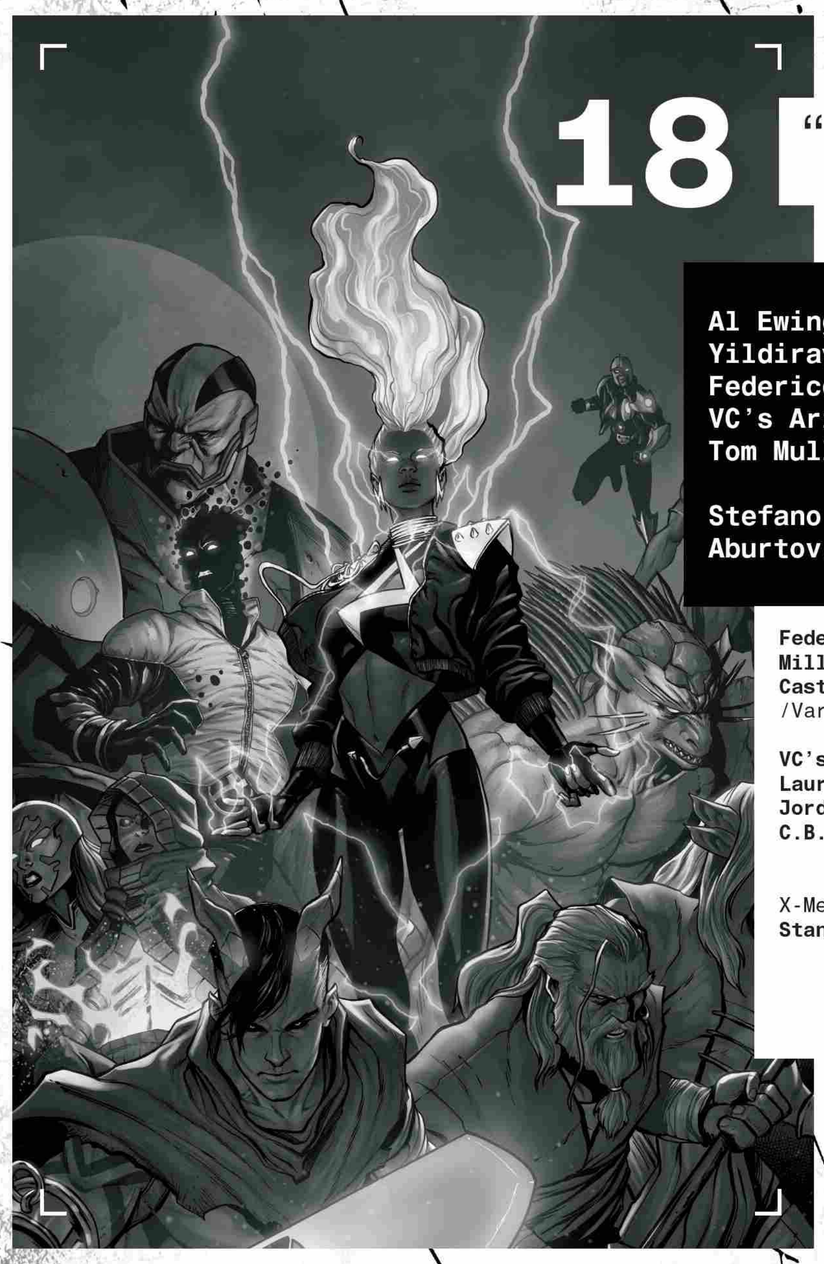

X-MEN RED

18

"THE MENDED LAND"

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VC's Ariana Maher/Letterer
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C.B. Cebulski/Editor in Chief

X-Men created by
Stan Lee & **Jack Kirby**

[x_men__18]
[red____18]

[fall__of]
[_____X]

THE NEW ISLAND *KAORAK* FOUGHT WITH EQUAL FEROCITY. IT WAS NEW LIFE, NEW GROWTH, NEW CHANGE.

AAAUUURR!

IT WOULD NOT SIMPLY LIE DOWN AND DIE.

FOR DEEP WITHIN, INSIDE KAORAK'S SECRET HEART, WAS HE WHOSE NAME WAS REVELATION.

Think maybe you could *smooth this over,* ·-▮▮▮-·? Genesis *is* your *other half* out there...

We could help **Storm**, at least--

Our place is here.

What Storm *sparked,* we *sustain*-- at least for now. This heart *cannot survive alone.*

This is a battle of ***life against life...*** to decide what life ***means.***

Genesis.

Ororo.

Queen of commoners. Degrader of Arakko.

A grave *disappointment*--

--and a waste of my time.

Hrrkk--

Frost.

Pressure.

My turn.

Oh? Are we taking turns? As if this is a game?

Then make your move. I await your best.

Miss.

ORORO WAS DIRECTING HER RAGE CONSCIOUSLY, KEEPING IT AT THE FOREFRONT OF HER MIND. MAKING THE ANNIHILATION STAFF HER TARGET.

BUT TO HEAR THE WHISPER OF THE GOLDEN MASK WAS TO OBEY. THUS, ORORO HAD NO CHOICE...

...BUT TO MISS THE *STAFF.*

EAAAHHHH!

AND IN THAT INSTANT OF AGONY--IN THE MOMENT BEFORE SHE COULD CONTROL THE PAIN-

NO!

NO!

--GENESIS FINALLY LET THE SWORD *PURITY* ESCAPE HER GRIP...

...TO RETURN TO ITS MASTER...

...IN THE MORROWLANDS.

One.

One last time, Blue. And if I have to *beg* you to hear me, ***I'll beg.***

Genesis' only cause is *her own empty glory*-- you're worth *more* than that. *Stand down.*

Please.

No.

Genesis is right.

...

To the death, then.

To the death.

But no need for this *mess*. This close, I have a *clear sight* of the enemy--I can challenge them all *myself*.

I will *look* at them--*each in their turn*--and they will ***stop being.***

Starting with *Da Costa*--

Hm.

He's... looking at *me*.

His *lips* are moving. What's he saying? Did he say my *name*?

"Ora Serrata.

"Never stare into the--

"--sun--"

FWAASHH

AAAAAHHH! I'm BLIND!

It's *you* who can't see the truth here, Jon. But Purity will *help* you.

This sword is *pure function*-- ***the act of cutting.*** It'll cut through *all the lies*--

--by cutting your *head* in--

Eh?

CLAPP

The *edge* cuts.

The rest, you can *hold*...

...and so can *I*.

SHNIKK

ARRHH--

And if I can hold it--

--I can take it!

Can YOU?

...

Yes.

I heal. It's what I *do*, Jon. What I *am*.

Even from *this*, I'll heal...

I know. *Everything* heals--even a heart cut in two.

Unless something *stops* it.

Unless I put this sword *through* your heart...

...and hold it there until it's over.

Hold the line!

Weaponless Zsen? Was that you?

Stop this, all of you! This cannot go on! I am the law of this land!

The law endures! The law survives all! And I am the law!

Listen to me!

Listen to me...

There are stronger forces than the law, Ora Serrata.

Who is that?

Who's there?

Once I had no weapon.

And that defined me.

But I have one now.

History is my weapon, Ora Serrata...

...and none of us survive it in the end.

NO!

NO!

...

Father?

Do you see what your war has *done*, Genesis?

Do you see the only way it can end?

"With continents *torn from the bedrock*. Whole seas *boiled* or *frozen*.

"With the end of this world."

You *say* that. *You don't* **do** *it.*

You *claim* to be Omega-- but can you burn *both* these islands? *Murder* the world you created? *Do you truly have no limit?*

No. ***You're not strong enough.*** But I am the *true* avatar of life...

Aarrrghh!

...and life is an endless war!

Everything that *lives* fights to survive--*each breath is a battle*. Simply to *function*, your body makes slaves of *billions* of microscopic fungi.

Now--*at my command*--they turn ***against*** you.

When the *weak* do not *serve the strong*... ***the body dies.***

That's what became of *Okkara* in the end.

It was the greatest beauty of that ancient world-- but it *lost.* And *was* lost.

The only victory is in *survival.* ***The only survival lies in strength.***

Annihilation culled the *weak* to make way for the *strong.* Now it serves *me...* ***and the cull has come again.***

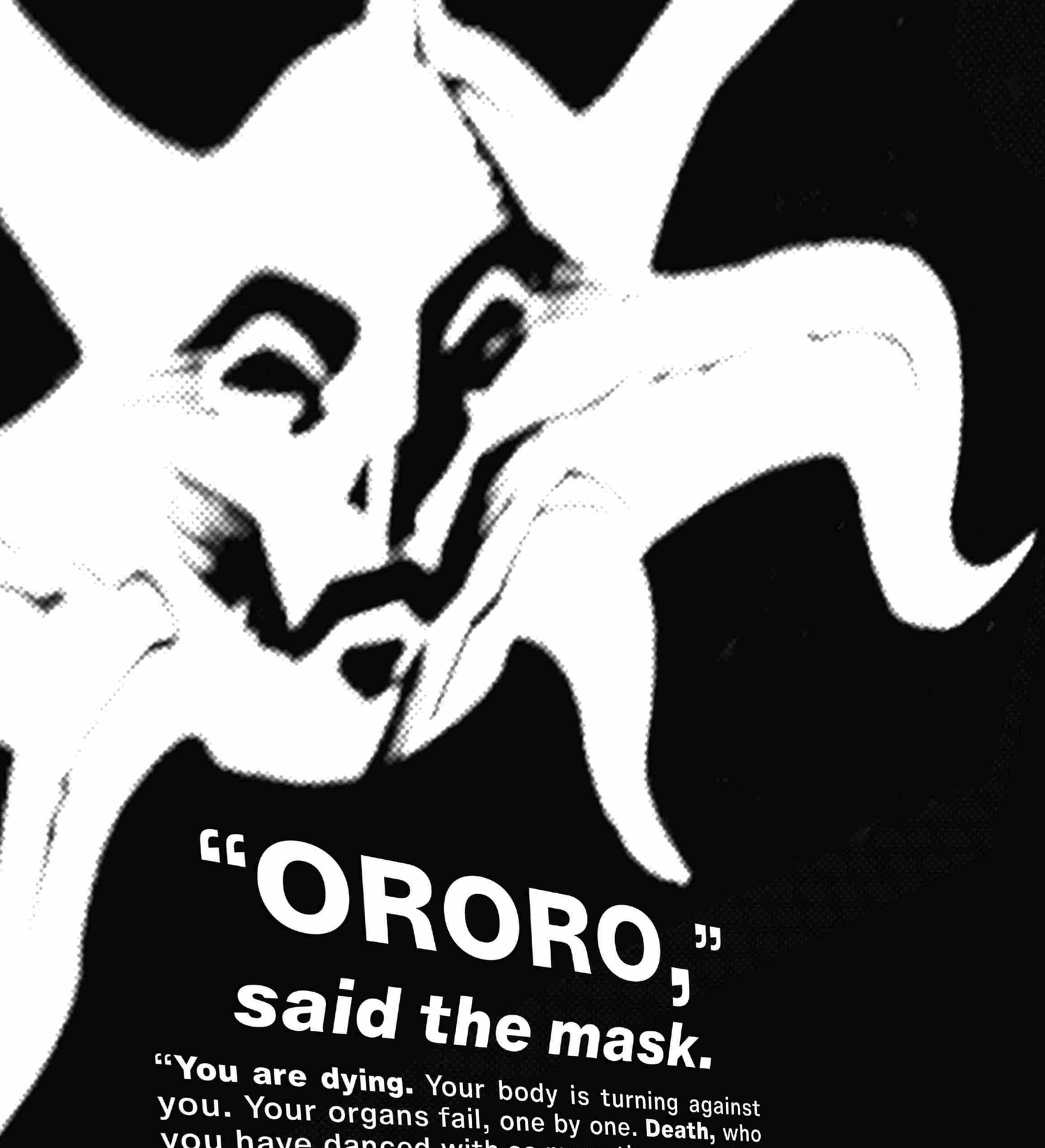
The humans on *Earth* are winnowing *weaker* mutants--not knowing they are thus dooming *themselves* to my...

Really?

Are you *still* clinging to life? *Can't you die with dignity?*

Don't you know when you've--

Ororo.



"ORORO," said the mask.

"**You are dying.** Your body is turning against you. Your organs fail, one by one. **Death,** who you have danced with so many times, readies to take you in his arms...but I can offer a way out. **A reprieve.**"

Ororo said nothing. The mask continued to speak.

"**Genesis** was my way into this world. The **need** in her -- **for confirmation of her worldview** -- was a **beacon** calling me from **Amenth,** as I was called to that dark world from **the lands beyond.** But Genesis has..." *There was a pause, and a note of cold contempt crept into the insidious whisper.* "**...Outgrown her use.** It took far too long the first time to cajole her from her endless prison to further conquests. Given the choice, she will **maintain** -- maintain a siege, maintain her power, maintain a status quo that serves **her.** And I...**I would grow.**" *The voice purred, rich and hungry.* "To **satisfy** that desire...I must at least make the **offer.**"

Ororo said nothing.

"Your needs are more **noble** -- you are not motivated as much by **personal glory.** But I do not concern myself with motivations -- **only with results.** And when you turned down **Uranos,** you showed what results you were willing to **accept.**" *There was a sound like the licking of golden lips.* "With **me** in your hand, you will be right in all you **say** and all you **do.** Arakko will embrace your **wisdom.** Earth will devote itself to your **cause.** The **future** of human and mutantkind will be **yours to shape** -- harmony and equality will be **yours to enforce.** And is such treatment not what you **deserve?** Is that not the **least** that is due to **the Goddess that you are?**"

Ororo said nothing.

A note of irritation entered the whisper's soft cadences. "**Ororo.** This is your **life and death.** Have you heard a **word** I've said?"

"I have heard the word you have **not** said," *Ororo replied.*

"And what is that?"

Ororo smiled.

"Miss."

KRAKOOOOM

ORORO DID NOT MISS.

GENESIS SCREAMED--NOT FROM THE PAIN, BUT FROM THE LOSS, THE EMPTY SPACE IN HER SOUL WHERE A SWEET WHISPER HAD LIVED.

HER ANCIENT FOE. HER OLDEST FRIEND.

GENESIS WAS HARDY AND COULD SURVIVE THE LIGHTNING...

...BUT THE STAFF, IN THE END, WAS ONLY WOOD AND FRAGILE GOLD...

...AND COULD NOT.

Annihilation is removed. *Genesis has fallen.*

The debate is decided.

Let all know...

"...it is over."

Nothing is over! I will not accept this!

Right or wrong--*I fight for Genesis!* Even *if* she has fallen! I fight for a world ruled by *reason*--*ruled by the strong!*

Who is *with* me? Who is--

FWA-ASSHH

Enough.

Storm has *won*--Annihilation is **gone.** The challenge was *witnessed by Lactuca*--and through her eyes, **I** witnessed it too.

This war was fought on ***false law*** and ***false history.*** Let there be an *end* to such things. ***Let there be an end to this.***

I, **Xilora,** have spoken--*who will defy me?*

Who will defy me for a broken mask?

...

When Fisher *melded* with Xilo... this was *always* the endgame, wasn't it?

Why didn't you *tell* me, Syzya?

Would you have let him *do* it?

No. I'd have done it *myself.*

In the prisons, he learned the *toll* it takes when someone steals your death for themselves. He didn't want to pay it twice.

I learned a *different* lesson-- as hard and maybe colder.

Someone has to be the one left behind, Roberto.

Someone has to carry on.

Someone has to *live*...

"...or what was this *for?*"

All right.

On your *feet*, soldier.

...

How do you feel...?

Healed.

And my thinking is... ***clearer*** with Annihilation gone.

Why didn't you do it?

I was *ready* to. I'd said my *goodbyes* to you, Blue.

But in the *end*...well, you were lost either way.

So I trusted the Storm.

"This is the *revelation*, as it was revealed to *me*...

"...that it is not *enough* only to be strong. It is not enough only to *survive.*

"To truly *live...* we must ***thrive.***

"Kaorak and Arakko embrace. *Two islands are one*--the *old* and the *new,* in harmony to build the *newer yet.*

"And in this *union of opposites,* the ***true spirit of Okkara*** is reborn.

"The road was not *gentle,* nor did I tread gently on it. But now--*with eyes wet from oceans of blood and pain*-- I see my destination at *last.*

"Look at us. Look at *all* of us.

"*We have finally become what I intended us to be...*"

...and I could not be more proud.

Someday--*when the stars are aligned*--I will *join* Genesis in exile. And leave a ***mended land*** behind me...

I'm glad you're *optimistic*, -[illegible]-.

And it's true that things have *changed* on Arakko.

Isca holds her mountains, the ***Spire Vile*** its secrets, ***Sobunar*** is a hermit in the depths...even ***Orc's*** claimed a space for his daemon kin.

Each territory is deciding for itself what peace *means*.

The coming ***Blood Dawn*** will help release *tensions*...but we need to *rest and heal* before Arakko takes the fight to ***Orchis***.

Hasn't that fight already *begun?*

With my wife's ***place of exile...?***

That was the *Great Ring's* choice--I voted *against*. I can understand the *poetic justice*...

...but ***Phobos*** is a little ***close to home.***

"I'm coming to enjoy the Great Ring's joke, Mother."

Oh?

This Orchis...these are the humans who aimed us like a *weapon*, are they not? *Now the sword is turned back upon them.*

And who deserves it more?

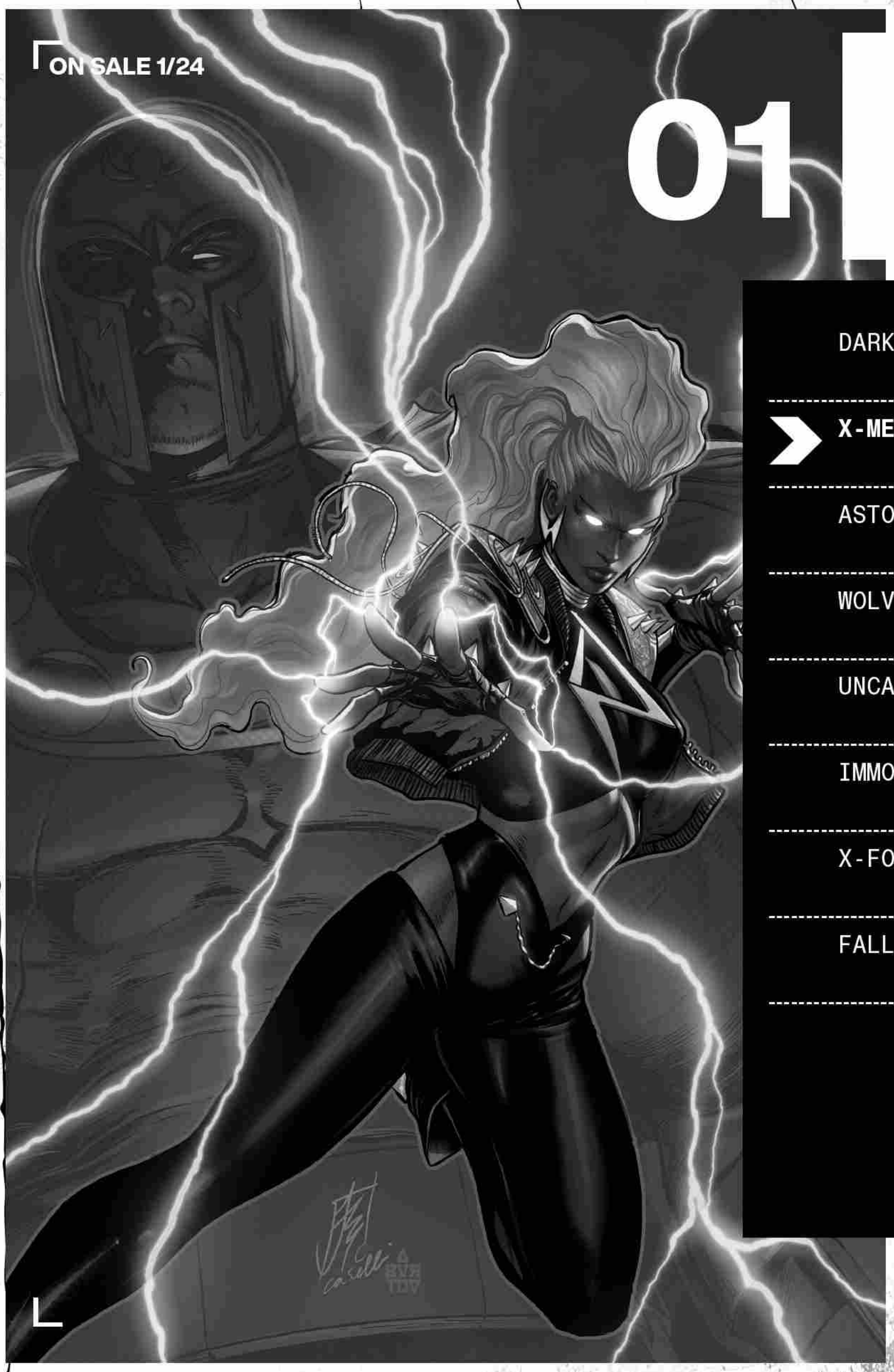
Who deserves it more, Mother?

The Brotherhood does.

KAKOA is for all MUTANTS

[fall_of]
[_____X]

FOLLOW THE FALL:



DARK X-MEN #5

X-MEN RED #18

ASTONISHING ICEMAN #5

WOLVERINE #40

UNCANNY SPIDER-MAN #5

IMMORTAL X-MEN #18

X-FORCE #47

FALL OF THE HOUSE OF X #1

[x-men_18]
[red___18]

KAMIC RIDER

MARIKA